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LOVE'S REPROACH.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY CHARLES MORRIS.

Love! bear with me a little space;
The way we tread will not be long.
Forgive the tear-stains on my face,
I feel I am no longer strong.
My life has been so sad and cold,
And I, alas! am growing old.

Not yonder! There lie youth and hope,
The backward path is not for me.
Beside that warm and sunny slope
Lie the slench-hounds of memory.
Ah me! life cannot move too fast
For one who flyeth from the past.

Your fair, false face; Love's bitter-sweet!
Your vows, pledged to the powers above!
My heart lies broken where your feet
So lightly dance from love to love.
Ah! once your tender lips and eyes
Won that fond heart you now despise.

Alas! not only they who sin
Drain sorrow's bitter cup and live.
Love, tell me what my fault has been,
Till I repent and you forgive.
Why am I made the sport of fate,
Sick, and sad, and desolate?

My life draws to its end; I know
That pain and grief are mortal ills,
The waves of death upon me flow
Down all life's bleak and frozen hills;
Fatal to me are Time's decrees,
And cruel all my memories.

Hope's golden walls are overthrown,
And fast the darkness floweth in.
'Tis sad to feel, and stand alone,
The day depart, the night begin;
No star of love will ever shine
Upon this dreary night of mine.

THE

DEATH SHADOW OF THE POPLARS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY MRS. MARGARET HOSMER.
AUTHOR OF "THE MORRISONS," &c.

CHAPTER VIII.

JEAN AND BARBARA TAKE ASHES.

Mr. Raye, Mrs. Wallace's guest, had not returned from New York as the family expected, and Miss Copeland's betrothal had changed the programme of the day's arrangements.

It had been decided by the sensible Olivia and her future mother-in-law, that it would be better to announce the engagement at once, although neither of them particularly explained their reasons for the haste. Mrs. Wallace knew that her son was, if not exactly fickle, apt to weary with the object of his devotion. To be sure she had never been able to induce him to go so far before as to actually pledge himself to any young lady for life, but she had seen him apparently quite as much in love as he appeared now, and yet he had always been able to whistle off his fancies, and disappoint her anxious heart which looked to matrimony as the influence that was to develop the strong points of good in his nature, and make his character firm and energetic.

Miss Copeland was just the daughter-in-law she would have selected and chosen had he given her the commission to execute. She was handsome enough for any position, and most satisfactorily enjoyed by her aunt's will. She was dignified, amiable and sensible, with sufficient self-control to leave Louis free to follow his own tastes and habits, without the petulant interference of a capricious beauty. She was companionable, received advice graciously, and had, beside, the wisdom to appear much impressed with Mrs. Wallace herself. Still although she was so desirable in her eyes, or perhaps for that very reason, did that anxious mamma regard her son's fidelity as questionable, and feel glad to think that the announcement of the engagement would lessen the chances of temptation, and divert the attentions of young ladies hitherto bent on his subjugation.

Miss Copeland in her own heart acknowledged some reasons almost akin to these. She had felt from the first that he had rather distinguished her by his attentions, but she knew that she had divided his fancy with a dozen others for a few moments at a time, who had been able to attract him by their gaiety or beauty. She had triumphed over them all, and gained his love, in which she believed with her whole heart, and in which she gloried in the still depths of her inmost soul, but she was not free from a troubled doubt and a sickening fear that would intrude in the midst of her joy with the question, "Can I hold his love and keep it firm and true?"

So when Mrs. Wallace proposed to ride over

to Mrs. Darwood's and mention the affair at once, Olivia knew that it would soon circulate freely, and approved the plan.

There were notes to be written to their most intimate friends, and Olivia could not forbear writing a pleasant little letter to Madam Lagree, in which she fact communicated itself incidentally, for she was flatteringly proud of her happiness, and almost feared she should give too exulting expression to her joy.

She sat alone in her great chamber and planned the splendid ceremonies which were to see her made a wife; she luxuriated in the grandeur with which she could bestow herself upon the man her heart had chosen, and for his sake she doubly prized the wealth that she could bring him. No one would have dreamed of how thoroughly she gave up her thoughts to the luxury of brooding over her bliss. She feared ridicule, and never courted or lavished confidence, her principles were keenly cultivated, and all her impulses were kept in check, therefore she revelled in her love by stealth, and only showed in the sweet, bright calmness of her face the pleased rapture of her soul.

Louis admired her more thoroughly than any woman he had ever seen, she was so well balanced, he said to himself, so reliable, and she crossed a room like a queen. These superior qualifications won his fancy, and as much of his heart as ever was in action at once. She seemed so entirely in earnest that it made him so too, and to do him justice, he never thought of her without wishing that he were worthier of the heart he had won. She met him with a smile, and a strong inward struggle to be calm, for she felt that a free expression of her feelings would be unwomanly and indelicate, but therein she failed in understanding the man to please whom was the first object of her life.

Slow to speak himself, he liked talkers, and dull to feel, he prized keenly sensitive people. In fact he relished best what was most unlike himself, and shrunk from sluggishness or inanity as moral death and desolation.

Olivia was neither quiet nor stupid, she was eminently sensible and pleasing, and spoke well, though sparingly, on all subjects. She never could do anything original or say anything startlingly brilliant, she rather avoided such a style as an unenviable peculiarity, and as every one confessed who knew her, succeeded in being a perfectly agreeable and well-bred young lady, dignified without affectation, and intelligent without presumption.

Miss Leonore Raye troubled the affianced husband of this pattern young lady, much more than was proper or consistent under the circumstances for a companion of his lady-love to do. He explained the matter to himself by saying,

"She is Olivia's ward, one may say, and I shall be obliged to make myself agreeable to the odd little thing. I must really study the diminutive sphinx and find out what sort of being she is."

He made up his mind to this course, as if it were a positive duty to be entered on, and pursued it with much more interest and avidity than duties of any kind generally received at his hand.

It did not at all suggest itself to him that his future sister-in-law were to be understood and won over. In fact, he rather overlooked the pretty blondes, much to their own satisfaction, for they feared him as the man who was to be Olivia's ruler, and consequently their.

Mr. Raye returned by-and-by to River-bend, and brought with him his wife, a lady whom Mrs. Wallace had never seen, and only invited at her son's desire, because, as he said, they had been very good to him in Scotland. This addition to the family became the occasion of a grand dinner party, at which Olivia was to be present in character, as a sort of proclamation of the expected matrimonial connection.

Leonore Raye and Adah and Bertha looked on the ceremony as a bore, for they had heard nothing else discussed between their sister and Mrs. Wallace than the extent to which they might carry its splendor without outraging the solemn etiquette of their supposed sorrow.

Black dresses are not capable of much ornamentation, and Mrs. Wallace implored Olivia to allow her to alleviate the sombre hue by a gleam or two of purple and a dash or so of white, but Miss Copeland was steadfast in her propriety, and dressed herself in the blackest and heaviest of crapes and bombazines, in which, to do her justice, she looked uncommonly well.

There was one thing very odd and particularly worthy of attention in the arrangement of the day's toilettes. Leonore would not give the sisters the least satisfaction on the subject of her dress, although, as is usual in such small lady confidences, they had discussed with her every fold and ribbon of their own. She shut herself up in her own dressing-room, and with Barbara's aid made herself lovely. Now, Barbara being housekeeper, was somewhat out of place in the character of dressing-maid, but the willful little Miss Raye appropriated her

services and coolly rejected those of the girl whose place it was to wait on her.

"Barbara," she said, as she saw the quiet housekeeper cross the hall that morning, "shall you be too busy to-day to dress my hair as you used to do when I first came here?"

The woman's face lighted up with a glow of pleasure.

"I am very happy to think you will allow me," she said, with a tenderness of tone that did not seem to belong to her usually cold voice.

"Yes, certainly," answered Leonore. "I think Miss Copeland does us all the greatest injustice to deprive us of your services upstairs."

She spoke lightly, but Barbara seemed full of interest in every syllable she uttered.

"Do you want me to wait on you?" she asked, eagerly; "if you do, I will give up everything else gladly. Miss Copeland scarcely needs a housekeeper—she is so capable of managing the place herself; and she really does everything that is necessary now. If you will have me for your own attendant, Miss Leonore, I will be very, very happy."

"You would be very, very silly to think of such a thing," said the young lady, with sudden seriousness. "You are judged by a much more upright and sensible mistress than I could ever be. You do not know how capricious and exacting I am, nor what a folly it is to try to suit me in anything."

"I do know; and I should be so happy if you felt you needed or liked me."

"Oh, what an odd, cold and hot sort of a person you are, Barbara? I do like you, if that is any comfort; and I want you to come and help me often, if you will; though I shall never consent to your leaving the position Miss Copeland has given you; in fact, I think I should grow tired of you, if I had you all to myself, without any relief at all."

After this gracious speech, which the strange woman received as a favor, the speaker flew off, and Barbara stood still a moment, watching after her as something too precious to lose sight of.

The door of her room at the further end of the passage stood ajar, and through the opening, Crazy Jean, the peddler woman, seemed peeping, for she withdrew her face the moment Barbara appeared, and turned it towards the wall where the tall, oaken presses were, with a curious expression that their polished surfaces would have startled the housekeeper by reflecting.

"And who is that pretty maid?" she asked, after a moment's pause, turning round and meeting Barbara's eye with her usual look.

Barbara's face had changed too, her almost indescribable fondness of expression, the lingering look of yearning love had died out, and she answered with quiet indifference—

"That is the young lady you know more about than I do; sure you could tell her story, and I cannot even guess it."

"Right, Barbara; but still you are too fast in your conclusions. I may know about her, yet not know her. The truth is, her face is strange to me, though, as I told you, I knew she was Miss Bessard's ward, and living in Rochester at a school for a great many years."

"Who is she?" Barbara asked this question with a sudden emphasis, as if she hoped to startle Jean into an answer.

"Who indeed?" replied that wily woman. "A whim of Miss Bessard's, perhaps a far out relation—or maybe, a friend's child bequeathed to her tender care."

Miss Bessard had no such friends; but you do not choose to tell it is a secret."

"Ask the young lady herself. She will tell her own story, perhaps."

"When she grows confidential with me I shall know all about it. You have heard the news. Miss Copeland is to marry Mr. Wallace, and The Poplars will have a master at last."

"Barbara," said the woman, closing the door tightly, and with her back against it, whispering in a suppressed tone; "listen, woman—Dorsett is near you, and I will give you the power over him to make him wince and groan. Think, dear heart, it's a long score, growing daily longer—and you have never made him pay one figure off the list. It would be pretty work, and bring back your life and spirits. Why should you crawl along in this dead-alive way, and let him flaunt and fling free and bold, and without a thought or care for the past?"

"I know you, Jean," answered the housekeeper, quietly, "and I can tell you the reasons why you urge me to such a course; you do not know me, so I shall have to explain to you why I take my own. You owe all men a bitter grudge, I think—there, do not fancy I am prying into secrets, it is all guess work, and you need not give a sign to prove that I am right. You hate men, and you love money—there's the reason you would have me set you on his track; to hunt him and gain gold would be sweet together; but I am an old woman, Jean; I will never seek to hunt my withered foe before him. He shall never look upon me again to know me,

under the light of Heaven. I was young, and may claim to have been beautiful, since it cost me so much in the past; that has all gone, and all that belonged to the time went with it. What I am here, is all that remains of me, and there is nothing to wake, no memory, no past—only dust and ashes that having once burned out can never be started into a flame again."

"You are either a fool, or you are playing with and trying to deceive me. I believe you are a hypocrite, and I will not heed you. No, Barbara Berry, I have gone over the road with too many, to miss the path now; and Dorsett's name wakes even you—though you struggle to deceive me, who knew the whole story."

"I said you did not know me, Jean," persisted the housekeeper, gently. "You will learn better by-and-by, and then we can talk more freely. Where do you go to night?"

"I will stay here, as you know; Miss Copeland wants me to sort her laces to-morrow, and take such as need repairing to the city. Why do you ask so often?" replied Jean, shortly.

"Did I ask before? then I am stupid and surely growing old. I have a heavy head to-day, and will go to bed early, since the ladies will be at the Bend till late at night."

Jean looked up sharply, as the housekeeper made this announcement, and then sat silent awhile, nursing her knee between her clasped hands, while Barbara consulted the little book at her girdle, and took out certain packages from her presses.

"I must carry these below to Margery," she said, "I think you do ill to keep your bundles closed, while the poor maids are all agape to buy ribbons and pins."

"Poor maids!" muttered Jean, "and great bother; I wish the silly souls would be content to buy their things half yearly, and make a bargain worth spreading one's wares for. They must see everything, and turn and twist every ell of goods in my pocket to buy a few coppers' worth of tape."

Barbara smiled.

"You forget Miss Bessard's advice," Jean on good terms with the people below stairs, for I would not have any of them fancy that you came here solely for my sake." That was a wise caution not to be scoffed at, Jean. The young ladies are fickle and may not need your service long. You know Margery and her friends will always give you a welcome."

"That's true, my wise Barbara, and I'll go down and give them their satisfaction in staring and prying everything. I promised when I was here a few days ago, to bring combs and pomatum, and by good luck I have both with me."

There was a short, square outside pocket, tied around the wandering dealer's waist, under the coat, that she had now thrown open in the warm room—the string had broken at the side, and Barbara had watched her put her hand into it every time she spoke of Dorsett, and urged upon her the pursuit and revenge of early wrongs. As she now rose it fell lightly on the ground at her side, and Barbara, stepping towards it, covered it with her skirt as the other moved away. When Jean reached the door Barbara dropped one of her packages.

"Don't stay for me, she said, 'I've broken this paper and must get a better one.'

Jean went down, and Barbara, closing the door, hastily hid a little bolt in the handle and ran and lifted up the pocket. It was empty of everything except a few shreds of lace pinned on paper as patterns, and a small card with the names "Mr. and Mrs. Lionel Raye." It was this Barbara had looked for, finding it, she clutched it eagerly and held it up before her eyes.

She had said she was old, and that by-gones were forgotten, never to be recalled; but if the names were connected with the past, it was still fresh enough in her mind to change her whole bearing and convulse her features beyond the power of her control. She held the card in her trembling hand and seemed to devour the few letters with her greedy eyes; then she dashed it on the floor, as though she would tread it under her feet; but the habit of her life prevailed. She looked cautiously around, as if fearing that despite the locked door some prying eye might see her; then she picked up the paper, smoothed it and put it in the place she had taken it from, replacing the pocket on the floor as she did so.

"As I thought," she said to herself, "as I thought, and this woman has been deceiving me, of which she shall live to repent." But she did not speak this aloud. She only went below, where Jean was busy arguing with the maids about prices, and said, "Has your pocket got money in it, Jean? If it has, you are careless; it's lying on the carpet in the room above, and had I not had my arms full, I would have brought it down to you."

CHAPTER IX.

A CEREMONIOUS OCCASION.

Mr. Wallace resigned himself to despair when his mother informed him that

it was actually indispensable that they should receive and entertain the neighboring gentry with a dinner party. Miss Copeland would have argued ill for their future happiness had she overheard the expressions of petulant ill-temper with which he contradicted his mother's reasons for the advisability of such a reception.

"It is exactly like showing off the paces of a pair of match horses," he said. "Of course I'm proud of the dear girl and delighted and all that, but to lose the comfortable sense of being able to have one's own way in society, and to be obliged to frisk about in a new character is a horrid bore, and I don't mean to endure it."

"I don't understand you, Louis," faltered his mother. "I thought you were really rather fond of company. You used to urge me to extend my circle and be gay than I quite liked."

"Society and gaiety are all very well; but don't you see, here are the Rayes, and you are going to ask everybody else, before all of whom I shall appear in my new role, with Olivia all consciousness and blushes. The party's all very right; but it's the position I object to. The girls are in deep mourning, and I really think it would have been in better taste for them to have remained away and let people become gradually used to the idea."

It is barely possible that Mrs. Wallace suspected in her inmost heart that this dear son of hers enjoyed the lay way he held among the young ladies of their society, and that she determined to nip it by this same ruthless announcement, but she merely said that Olivia, preferring to remain uncomplimented, except by their most intimate friends, her lover need be under no apprehensions of a scene or display, and she thought it due to Mrs. Raye that she should be presented to his future wife.

So the time came and the company assembled. Mrs. Darwood, Mrs. Barton Westborough, and all that party from Maple Hill, Mrs. Grover and her daughters, and the Lindons and Perrys, and other elegant families from Stapleton, the nearest town. Nearly all were seated and dinner was about to be announced, when the ladies from The Poplars arrived, and Louis, who was rather luxuriating with his friend Raye among the pretty and agreeable Grover and Westborough girls, grew confused and embarrassed, despite every effort to the contrary, as Olivia entered, and his mother received her with impressive ceremony. The pretty blondes followed close, and before he could rise to meet them his friend Raye whispered in his ear, "Who is that exquisite little creature? What a radiant little gem!"

He knew it was Leonore before he saw her, and the next instant he caught sight of the dainty, graceful figure in shining white robes, as like a beautiful angel surrounded by clouds of black drapery, she seemed to float towards him in the sweeping darkness of the sisters' dresses.

He did not know how she was arrayed, or why she looked so exquisitely, beamingly pure and lovely, but the stately grace of his betrothed palled on him, and the fair and timid beauty of her sisters was insipid compared to hers.

Olivia's face was cold and her manner had a tinge of stiffness. He presented her to his friend—Mr. Raye, Miss Copeland—she bowed a little coldly, and with scarce her usual grace. The sisters were flurried, and blushed childishly. "Miss Leonore Raye," repeated Louis. "She was cold and not timid; she smiled, and every light in her radiant face flashed out on him; she bowed, the waving of blue bells could not have been more graceful. There was a peculiarity in her manner, that was not in the least bold or unbecoming, but she could sometimes throw aside all ceremony and speak with a frank, winsome trustfulness that was in itself a charm."

"I have longed so to see you, Mr. Raye," she said. "I am a relationless waif on the face of existence, and even a similarity in name is a strong tie of sympathy in perfect loneliness."

Strange to say, Louis, who had told his friend that this little Miss Raye was a charming sort of oddity, and hoped he would fancy her, felt an inextinguishable pang of jealousy, which his conscience soon smote him for entertaining as absurd and unworthy, when he saw the half implied appeal of her glance and heard the soft music of her tender voice.

Olivia's eyes recalled him to the folly of his position, and their look of cold surprise smote him into remembrance of his duty.

"Let me present you to Mrs. Raye," he whispered to her; "there are so many people here and my mother is so quiet, that it makes a heavy business of entertaining. Why were you so late?"

He meant his tone for tenderness, and after the least possible pause, Olivia answered. They had waited for Miss Raye, she said, and the effort to say it amiably evidently caused her an effort.

"Here was Mrs. Raye." Evidently her lover did not wish to hear in what way Miss Raye had offended, for he had made haste to

"Miss Rye! Perhaps it is a relative. I will ask Lionel some time."

(To be continued.)

“I have a little sister about three years of age, that is saying cunning things every day. One morning, seeing a pitchfork by the kitchen door, she said:— ‘There’s the fork my little pony eats hay with.’”

A gentleman in the *London Builder* recommends a mode of treating the English grates, which may possibly apply to American ones, but certainly, however, for their burnt bituminous coal in England, and we generally intimate. In cases however where coke or bituminous coal (as in the West) is burned, the plan recommended would probably succeed. It is as follows:—

—A woman lately looking at Gordon Press, on which the San Francisco Free Press was being printed, looked up in the face of her male companion, and in the most earnest manner inquired, "Arrah, Tim! aren't them's the things as writes the papers?" Is them the things, they call eye-witnessers? My Mother of Moses! does the Yankees abuse, and Blackguard one another by machinery.

to think we take it for cheapness, make a mistake. The convenience of the thing is its commendation."

"You will do now for my purpose," he said. "Mercy!" murmured the woman, for the third time.

"If that's all you have to say, you may as well save your breath," sneered Lebrun. Then, without another word, he took her under his arm, as though she were a truss of straw; and opening the door, carried her into the little croft outside, and laid her on the grass. Then he went back into the mill and fetched another long piece of cord. The autumn morning, clear and chilly, was just breaking. The eastern sky was streaked with pencils of saffron light. Night's dark skirts still lingered in the west. The incoming tide was breaking in great showers of spray on the rocky teeth outside the bay, and beating, white-fringed and passionate, against the restraining sands, as though it were a prisoner beating its heart out against its prison bars.

"The huge wheel by which the machinery of the mill was set in motion worked in a deep stone trough, hollowed out of the ground, into which, after performing its office of turning the wheel, the water fell from above, and was carried away by some underground channel. The wheel itself was made of timber, strongly bolted and bound with iron.

Lebrun's next action was to fetch the short ladder, by means of which Mere Babet had gained access to the mill. This he put down into the trough, so that its lower end rested on the broad tire of the mill-wheel. Then picking up Mere Babet, and holding the loose cord in his teeth, he cautiously descended the ladder, step by step, till he and his burden were safe at the bottom, standing inside the wheel on the green and slippery wood-work. With quick and nimble fingers, the miller next proceeded to tie the helpless woman to one of the huge spokes of the wheel. It was done quickly and well, and Lebrun nodded his head, and grinned sardonically at the excellence of his own handiwork. A low moan for mercy—always the same word—burst from Mere Babet's lips now and again. Otherwise she was silent. As soon as Lebrun had satisfied himself that it was impossible for his prisoner to escape, he deliberately remounted the ladder and drew it up after him. Then he paused and spoke. "You thought to rob Pierre Lebrun, and not suffer for it! Vile thief! You will never rob again. Long before this morning's sun is half-way up the sky, the devil, to whom you belong, will have claimed his own again. Adieu, ma mere! Present to his highness the assurance of my distinguished consideration, and tell him that if he ever ventures this way, I will serve him as I am serving you. Adieu! adieu!"

A minute later, and the water began to flow. Lebrun was opening the sluice. At first a thin, trickling stream, but fast increasing in rush and volume, till the whole force of the water at the miller's command was brought to bear on the wheel and its burden. First the wheel creaked, then it shivered—as through shrinking from the terrible duty laid upon it—and then, as the water struck it more and more fiercely, it began slowly to revolve, and Mere Babet began to revolve with it. Tied firmly to one of the spokes, with her head pointing to the centre, and her feet touching the tire, as the wheel moved she moved with it, rising slowly, till her feet were in the air and her head downward; then coming slowly down on the other side. Never resting for a moment, never hurrying its pace, the wheel went round and round—a dripping monster that knew no weariness. But it was a monster that required constant feeding while it worked, and Pierre Lebrun was busy inside attending to its wants.

Work and play at the same time! he muttered. "It is not often that the two come together for a poor wretch like me. Oh! but it is sweet to be revenged!"

"He went out every few minutes to glance at his prisoner, and nodded his head, and rubbed his hands gleefully, to find how satisfactorily everything was progressing. The great wheel dripped and sparkled in the rays of the early sun, as the rushing stream smote it fiercely from above. La Mere Babet, rising and falling slowly, now lost in the depths of the trough, and anon coming up, up, up, only to swoop slowly down next moment, looked, except for her ghastly face, with its crown of white hair, and her wide-staring eyes, like a mere bundle of saturated clothes. Twice she had given utterance to a shriek, loud, agonized, far-reaching, that might well have frightened the sea-birds in their rocky haunts, and had caused even the miller's nut-brown cheek to pale for a moment. But that was half-an-hour ago, and many things might happen in that time. There was something dreadful about the woman's continued silence. Lebrun's visits to the little grassy hillock beside the trough became more frequent, and the scowl deepened on his face, as Mere Babet, with the devilish obstinacy of her sex, refused to speak, or even so much as to look at him. If she would only have shut those dreadful staring eyes for a moment! But even that seemed too much to expect. At length the death-like solitude became unbearable. "Hallo! hallo! ma mere," he cried. "Are you asleep or awake? Has the water cooled your brain yet? Promise never to rob me again, and I'll set you free. Vile hag! why don't you speak? Speak! I say, or I'll keep you turning there till the day of judgment!"

"But La Mere Babet vouchsafed no answer. Not even by the flicker of an eyelid did she acknowledge that she heard what was said to her. The shrill scream of some wheezing sea-bird, the faint cawing of a cock on some distant farm, the heavy pulsing of the tide upon the shore, all these could be heard above the fierce rush of the mill-stream—these, but nothing more. Lebrun stood silent for a few moments; then he shook his clenched fist at his victim, drove his hands deep down into his pockets, and went back indoors.

"An hour later, Gaspard came up with the horse and cart, from Rozel. "Good morning, my uncle. Have you succeeded in catching the thief?" he said, as he entered the mill.

"The miller nodded without speaking. Then taking his nephew by the sleeve, he drew him outside, and pointed to the still revolving wheel and its ghastly bundle of poor, dead humanity. "Behold, how Pierre Lebrun revenges himself on those who do him an injury!" he said. "We must hide this thing; and then, my nephew, must keep a still tongue in thy head."

"The two men looked steadily into each other's eyes. This time it was Gaspard's turn to nod his head, which he did in slow and significant assent to his uncle's words. The wheel was at once stopped, and the cords cut. The body was hid away under some empty sacks till evening, and buried after dark in a deep hole in the garden at the back of the mill.

"That La Mere Babet would be missed from several of her usual haunts, and her absence commented on, can hardly be doubted; but no active inquiry or search was ever made into her fate. Such a task was nobody's business—at least, the business of no private person—and the case was one that was never brought under the cognizance of justice. The old woman had been a vagrant and a wanderer for years; intercourse between people living at different parts of the island was by no means so common then as now; it was quite possible that La mere might have died and been buried in some little hamlet, and her friends, four or five miles away, be utterly unaware of the fact. So, as month after month went past, and the old woman was missed from her customary rounds, people could only shrug their shoulders, and suppose they should never see her again in this world, and hope that her wandering feet had found rest at last.

"At the mill of La Roquette matters went on, to all outward seeming, exactly as they had done for the last dozen years. The mill-wheel went round, and the miller and his nephew did their work after the same thorough fashion for which they had been so long noted; with the same disinclination for useless speech, and the same hard, grasping way in money matters. To their customers, there was no change visible in the old man or the young one; but, by-and-by, as autumn waned into the long milder nights of winter, Gaspard began to note a change in his uncle, which troubled his sluggish mind more than anything had troubled it for years. It was a change that deepened with the deepening year, but that grew no lighter as the days crept out again; seeming, indeed, to lie a more unnatural burden on the souls of both the men when leafy spring had come round once more, and all the island was red and white with blossom. With wrongdoers it should ever be wintry weather.

"The change in Lebrun was marked by an increased moroseness and taciturnity of demeanor; by a growing habit of secret dram-drinking; and by a reluctance to venturing anywhere out of the warm-lighted kitchen after dark. He would talk, too, in his sleep, and mutter strange things, that made Gaspard's blood run cold to hear. He never drank during the day, and always attended well to business; but as soon as the afternoon began to darken, he would creep away, without saying a word to Gaspard, to a little corner cupboard where he kept his accounts and books, such as they were, and would drink deeply of the cognac that was always there ready to his hand. Then, as the evening advanced, he would visit the cupboard again, and yet again; and in the middle of the night Gaspard often heard him with the bottle at his lips. Sometimes, when he was in his worse moods, he would, greatly to Gaspard's horror, re-enact the part of the ghastly drama in which La Mere Babet had been the unhappy victim; but, in Lebrun's waking moments, the murdered woman's name was never mentioned between him and his nephew.

"Twelve months came and went, and brought the first anniversary of the tragedy of La Roquette. Gaspard had business down in St. Helier that day; but Lebrun, without assigning any reason, commanded that it should be put off till to-morrow. All the day he seemed in a very restless and uneasy mood, and unable to settle to any one task for long at a time; neither did he wait as usual till afternoon before having recourse to his friend in the cupboard. When the day's work was over, and night really came, Gaspard was astounded to see his uncle light three candles in place of the one poor dip which had always hitherto been sufficient for their needs; and for the first time he made no secret of his drinking. They were early-goers to bed at the mill, and when the fingers of the clock pointed to their ordinary hour for retiring, Gaspard would have gone as usual. But his uncle stopped him. "I cannot sleep to-night," he said. "Thou must stay, my child, and keep me company."

"So Gaspard stayed, and the night went on. Outside there was a word to blowing, and a deep voiced sea rolling heavily in; but the sky was cloudless and bright with stars. There was a restlessness upon Lebrun, which drove him frequently to the outer door. He would open it for a space of a few inches, would seem to listen intently for a little while, would then close the door, sigh deeply, and resume his seat by the fire. When he had done this for the fifth or sixth time, Gaspard broke the long silence by asking, "Whom, then, do you expect, my uncle? and why do you listen so often at the door?"

"I expect no one. I am listening to the voices; but I cannot tell clearly what they say."

"What voices, my uncle? I do not hear them."

"Then, old as I am, my ears are better than thine," said Lebrun, contemptuously. "Next time he went to the door Gaspard followed him."

"Hut! There they are again. Canst thou not hear them?"

"I can hear no voices save those of the wind and the tide," answered Gaspard.

"Go! Thou art dead asleep," answered Lebrun, as he shut the door. "The night is full of voices. Soon I shall know what it is they have to tell me."

"As the night wore on, Gaspard, on his warm seat by the fire, was gradually overcome by sleep. He was awake by his uncle shaking him roughly by the shoulders, and on opening his eyes he saw that it was already daybreak. The door was wide open, and the rush of the wind had put out the candles.

"Awake, Gaspard! awake! There are not several voices this time, but one."

"Whose voice?" asked Gaspard, with a nameless dread creeping over him.

"The voice of La Mere Babet. Canst thou not hear her calling? 'Pierre Lebrun—Pierre Lebrun,' she says, 'I want thee. Come!'"

"I hear nothing but the wind and the

sea. It is all a bad dream, my uncle," answered the white-faced Gaspard.

"Fool! I tell thee she is calling me. She has a great secret to reveal, and I dare not refuse to go."

"Without waiting for an answer he left the house, and went off towards the stable. Gaspard, nervous for once in his life, and shivering with fright and cold, stood leaning against the door-post, and looking out into the gray, chill dawn. Presently Lebrun appeared, leading his old horse by the bridle. "You are not going away, my uncle?" pleaded Gaspard; "you are not—"

"Hark! La Mere Babet calls me again," interrupted Lebrun. "I come! I come!" he cried aloud; and, almost before Gaspard knew what had happened, his uncle had scrambled on to the mare's back, and was riding at a sharp pace down the hill, his white hair, unremoved, fluttering in the wind. At the bottom of the hill he turned, and waved his hand to Gaspard, and then set his horse to break the sweep of moorland that formed the opposite side of the valley.

"Gaspard, like one in a dream, stood watching him. What if La Mere Babet had really called his uncle? Might it not be his turn to be called next? His heart seemed to be nipped in a vice as this thought crossed his brain, but still he kept his straining eyes fixed on Lebrun. Gradually the feeling of fear on his own account was lost in one of wonder as to what his uncle's ultimate intentions could be. He watched the horse and his rider slowly mount the opposite hill side till the summit was reached, and a wide stretch of undulating moorland lay before them. Across this they now began to speed at a headlong pace, and in a line as straight as the flight of an arrow. "Great heaven!" murmured Gaspard, "does not my uncle know whether he is going? Three minutes more, and he will be over the precipice!"

"He tried to shout, but his voice was blown away in the opposite direction. He could do nothing but stand, with white face and bated breath, waiting for what might happen next. He could see Lebrun with hand and foot urging his horse madly on; he could see the space between them and the precipice rapidly lessening; he could see the miller wave his arm now and again, as if in answer to his ghastly summons; he could see all this, and yet he was utterly powerless to avert the catastrophe which he knew that a few seconds more must bring about before his very eyes.

"The horror upon him was fast deepening, but he could not turn his eyes away for a single second. Nearer and still nearer to the fatal precipice! Gaspard's breath came more thickly. Lebrun's arms were working violently, as he urged his horse to still greater speed. The last few yards of turf seemed to fly from under them. A wild leap out into space, a clenched hand flung up for one brief instant, and then horse and rider were gone! The rocks, a hundred feet below, caught them on their sharp teeth; the wild waves seized upon them and carried them away, to make ghastly playthings of them for a few days, and then to toss them up contemptuously on some far-away strand. "That very day Gaspard went down to St. Helier, to the office of the Chief Constable, and made a clean breast of the whole affair. The body of La Mere Babet received decent burial in consecrated ground; but from that day to this the Mill of La Roquette has never found a tenant."

Caught in My Own Trap.

Dora and I had been silent fully fifteen minutes—an unusual occurrence for us—when she suddenly broke out into one of her gayest, sweetest peals of laughter. The cars were going at the rate of forty miles an hour, but Dora's laugh rang out above all their noise and confusion.

"What is it, Dora, you witch you?" I said, half-piqued that she had not at first told me what pleased her, and laughed afterwards.

"Nothing, Nell, only I was just thinking of something funny. Do you see that gentleman just in front of us, with the beautiful black whiskers and dreamy brown eyes? Well, he's been watching you behind that book for the last half hour, looking as if he would love to take a bit of the red roses on your cheeks. Don't blush, but he is in love with you, I'll bet my gold thimble on it. I was just thinking of some of the stories I have read about young ladies mistaking handsome young fellows for their brothers, etc., and thought what fun it would be if you could only manage to mistake that gentleman for your brother Fred."

I was ready for fun in a moment.

"Tell you what I'll do," I broke out, eagerly. "You know I haven't seen Fred since I went to school, three years ago, and of course he's changed a great deal since then. Well, if that literary gentleman with brown eyes (he is handsome, isn't he, Dora?) should get off at our station, I'll wait till he gets mixed up in the crowd, see him suddenly for the first time, rush up to him in a flutter of delight, call him brother Fred, and give him such a kiss as he hasn't had since he saw his sweetheart last."

"Yes, I would, if I were you," said Dora, sarcastically. "You dare't, you know."

"Don't I dare, though? wait and see."

And so I dropped back into the cushion in silence till the train stopped at our station.

Dora gave me a wicked look, and whispered that she knew my courage would fail me, for the gentleman was really getting off.

I was not to be tripped over, though; and so, as we stepped out on the platform I saw the literary gentleman standing amidst the crowd, and with a little bound threw myself in his arms, and kissing him full in the mouth, hysterically exclaimed—

"Fred, you dear brother, how do you do?"

I caught a glimpse of Dora—she was in danger of going into convulsions. I was expecting to hear the stranger say, confusedly, that there was some mistake, but, to my surprise, he gave me a hearty embrace—kissed me two or three times—said he was well—that I had grown a great deal; and inquired for my little friend Dora—who, all this time, was exciting the sympathies of the crowd, as they supposed she was insane, judging from her frantic laughter.

"Father and mother are expecting you, Nellie, and are so impatient they can scarcely wait to see you. I was afraid you would not know me, but I am really glad that my

image has been treasured up so carefully in my sister's heart."

I was bewildered beyond measure. It really was Fred, then, and I had not known him! I felt slightly ridiculous, and while introducing Dora to my brother, whispered her to keep quiet in reference to my intended trick.

I was too much confused to think of inquiring how he came to be in the cars without seeing me; so we all went to the carriage which was waiting for us, and drove rapidly to our home.

I had never known Fred to be so affectionate. He held my hands in his own all the time, and kissed me at unnecessary intervals; but to tell the truth, I had never loved him half so well before—never thought him half so handsome.

We reached the gate. Mother kissed me and cried over me; father repeated it; and finally a frank, hearty voice broke out with—

"Hallo, sis! aren't you going to notice your scapegrace of a brother at all?"

And to my astonishment a handsome fellow I had not yet seen gave me a genuine hug, and a kiss that you could have heard across the yard.

"There is some mistake," I murmured; "are you my brother Fred? I thought that gentleman was," pointing to the handsome gentleman I had embraced at the depot.

"Why, sis, are you crazy? Of course I'm your brother, and that fellow there is my college chum, Archie Winters, who went half way up the line to meet you. What are you blushing at, Nell? I didn't have time to go, and let him take your picture with him, so that he would be sure and know you. He's been playing off some of his mad pranks, and passing himself off for me, I'll warrant."

I looked at Archie Winters beseechingly, and as they were all going into the house, I whispered to him—

"For pity's sake do not speak of that mistake. How could it have happened?"

"I overheard you talking in the cars, and will keep your secret only on one condition."

He whispered something to me that made my face flush scarlet; but I was at his mercy, and said I would think of it, reader; and to the delight of the whole family—Dora and Fred in particular—Archie and I were married in less than six months. And Dora said to me, as I bade her good-by, that it would give unspeakable delight to Fred and herself, if I would attend their wedding in a month to come, and I did so.

MY LOVE.

They call thee false as thou art fair,
They call thee fair and free—
A creature plant as the air
And changeful as the sea;

But I who gaze with other eyes—
Who stand and watch afar,
Behold thee pure as yonder skies
And steadfast as a star!

A star that shines with flickering spark,
Thou dost not wane away,
But shed'st adown the purple dark
The fulness of thy ray;

A rose whose odors freely part
At every zephyr's will,
Thou keep'st within thy folded heart
Thy virgin sweetness still! T.

ONE OF THE FAMILY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "LOST SIR MASSINGBERD," "CARLYON'S YEAR," &c.

CHAPTER XXIII.

UNDER THE MUD.

When Valentine Blake, in accordance with his expressed intention, informed Claude, over their cigars in the studio, of the subject of that *tele-tele* in the drawing room, and of how he had determined to apply for the post which Mrs. Murphy had been so good as to put in his way, the painter's countenance assumed an unwonted seriousness.

"Wants you to be tutor to young Bentinck, does she? My dear Blake, I should have been less surprised if Selina had made love to you—less surprised, and I had almost said better pleased; for, depend upon it, she has got some crooked design in her mind. As for her solicitude to prevent this lad from growing up a scamp, that's rubbish. Why doesn't she take precautions in that way for her own Woolly? I am sure he needs them. Pooh, pooh! Besides, between ourselves, Blake, my wife is not such an unruffled dove under disappointment as that comes to; she's a deal more like the fretful porcupine. Is it likely that she should feel this tender interest in one who has been the cause of her own child losing his inheritance?"

"The innocent cause," observed Blake quietly.

"Yes, yes; that's all very well; but his innocence is not the feature of his character which presents itself most obtrusively to Selina. I tell you, she hates the whole pack of them down at Sarahclaw; and since she had it in her mind to supply this young fellow with a tutor, I must say I am glad she has pitched upon you. I honestly confess, Blake, that if she had chosen a man of whom I entertained a less high opinion, I should have been uncomfortable; had she chosen a scoundrel"—here Claude cast a cautious glance towards the door, and sank his voice to a whisper—"I would have written to Woodford myself to put him on his guard."

"Against what, in Heaven's name?" inquired the other.

"By Jove! that's just what I don't know," ejaculated Claude with vehemence. "I should have told him to 'look out,' that's all. It's my opinion, where her 'Woolly' is concerned—of course, this is quite between ourselves—that Selina would stick at nothing. Her brother and she were never very cordial, and her marriage with your honorable servant brought matters to a crisis. When her son and heir, as she called him, was born, she wrote the most aggravating letter to Woodford, who had been separated from his wife for years, and the consequence was—for I am sure he would never have done it except from pique—they came together again. Selina is secretly aware that it is

her own act which has indirectly deprived her son of the reversion of a great estate. Do you think that makes her more resigned to its loss, Mr. Blake? If you do, you are unacquainted with human nature. Now, I am not a learned man, nor a business man, nor a man whose opinion you would ask in a case of conscience, perhaps, but I know men and women well. The knowledge has been thrown away upon me, it is true, so far as practical results go. I'm an indolent fellow, and like my ease; but if I chose to lay myself out to please society (which my wife is always harping about), I could cut out all the solemn sniffs in Christendom. I know the laws of gravity, sir, though I don't choose to obey them.—Where was I? Oh—What I was about to say was this, that although I let the world go by me as it will, I look uncommonly hard at the passengers. Nothing makes much impression on me, in a general way, but I shall never forget—never—my wife's face when she opened Ernest Woodford's letter, in yonder breakfast room, seventeen years ago, announcing this young Bentinck's birth. I will not depress you by alluding to the tigress robbed of her young, and, besides, that venerable metaphor would utterly fail to convey an idea of her expression of countenance. But if ever a woman 'looked snakes,' and *scent* them, that was the case with Selina Murphy. I tell you, sir, if the bending her little finger had been necessary to preserve from destruction her brother and sister-in-law, not to mention their new-born offspring, she would have had spindles fitted on, such as a Chinawoman applies to her nails, and kept it stiff all the days of her life. I didn't like it then," concluded Mr. Murphy with energy; "and when I think of it in connection with her suggestion of this tutorship, I do not like it now."

For a moment or two, Valentine Blake pulled hard at his cigar in silence, then quietly answered:

"It was very natural that Mrs. Murphy should feel disappointed. I suppose she did not send her congratulations to Mr. Woodford?"

"You are treating this matter much too lightly, Blake," returned Claude with irritation. "I have put myself out about it—a thing I have not done about any circumstance (except when she wanted to deprive me of my tobacco) for these eighteen years—so, pray, do not underestimate the prodigy. It will not occur again, mind you; so make the most of it. Congratulate him! Sir, she never wrote a line to him or his wife; and she has never spoken one word upon the subject from that day to this—I don't say to me, for that's nothing, but even to her charming son. Do you suppose that this doesn't mean mischief? If you do, I have again to tell you that you are unacquainted with human nature, and, in particular, that you know nothing about Selina Murphy."

"It was curious to contrast the energetic volubility of the ordinary easy-going and Epicurean painter, with the quiet and dryly humorous tone of his companion's reply. It would really seem as though the two men had exchanged their respective temperaments."

"Do you suppose that your wife wants me to murder Master Bentinck?" asked Valentine Blake.

"Well, no; of course not. That's perfectly ridiculous, you know. She ain't a Lady Macbeth; though, if I could get her to sit for that, with Ernest Woodford's letter in her hand, I should catch just the right expression for the character."

"I assure you, Mr. Murphy," observed the young man smiling, "that there was nothing in your wife's looks while she was talking to me, that betrayed any sanguinary purpose. She looked somewhat embarrassed, indeed, from the first, but what may easily be accounted for (and, indeed, she herself hinted at the reason) by the awkwardness she felt at being asked to offer me the money."

"She offered you money?" gasped Claude, pale as a sheet. "Selina Murphy offered you money?"

"Yes; by the-by, I forgot to tell you that she wanted to press a bank-note upon me.—Why, what's the matter, my friend?"

"I don't know, Blake! Heaven only does know. Look here: I saw you for the first time six hours ago, and this woman has been my wife for twenty years. If I am doing wrong in talking to you thus openly, God forgive me. But I fear—"

"Stop!" interposed the other imperatively. "Do not say anything for which you may be hereafter sorry. Whatever you have spoken to me—whatever suspicion you may have hinted—is a secret between us two. But there is no need for any such talk. Mrs. Murphy requested me to keep her informed of what is going on at Dewbank Hall, and simply from a misconception of my character, imagined that a bribe would render me more zealous. That is the simple explanation of it—of—"

"The phenomenon," observed Claude, with a ghastly imitation of his old manner. "She has never given me a five-pound note in her life—never. Well, I should have liked to have seen her making the offer to you. With what contending emotions must she have been torn! What a study for the cold chisel! What a personification would she have made of that tender subject, Parting!"

"I assure you, Mr. Murphy, that you are now taking the proper view of the matter," observed the other earnestly. "I am certain that your wife meant her relatives no harm by sending me among them; nor, on the other hand, did she play the hypocrite, for the portrait which she drew of you can be scarcely flattering. You, of course, have seen the originals."

"I know Woodford well," returned the painter, "but not his wife. I did not even know he had a wife, at the time when I was courting Selina up in Lakeland.—That is the district for young love, sir. Nature smiles upon it—except when it rains; poets have haloed every square inch of it. There is one line of Wordsworth's where he speaks of the choice of a wife, in which I used to think at that time (and I'm sure of it now) that he hit off Mrs. Murphy to a nicety."

A creature not too bright or good
For human nature's daily food.

If she has a blemish, indeed, it is quite in the other direction; and her brother was of the same opinion."

"And you did not like Ernest Woodford?" observed Mr. Blake, dexterously taking ad-

vantage of the recurrence of name to arrest Claude in his stride.

"Like him?—no, man. There was nothing to like in him. He was a mere human money-bag, very strongly stitched. His first conversation with me, and his last, and I believe all the intervening ones, was about money. Money was tight, he used to say; everybody was selling out. 'I am investing, sir,' but then, added he in consequential tones, 'I am the individual, and not the General Public.' Thank Heaven for that, thought I; but it would not have done to have said it, for Ernest Woodford is no fool. He makes the slight mistake, indeed, of imagining himself to be a sagacious man; and, above all things, he prides himself upon having no enthusiasms; so beware, my dear Blake, how you broach your peculiar patriotic theories. Nay, the fellow has not even a prejudice—except one, by-the-by, and that is against all Irishmen. Fortunately, you have not much of a brogue, but what you have I recommend you to stifle."

"You don't paint my future employer in rose-color, Mr. Murphy. But your wife was mentioning some other folks I should meet with at Dewbank Hall. There was a Dr. Warton, for instance—the man who puts in the advertisement."

"Ah! you will find him a clever fellow, and an agreeable relief from the Black Squire, if drink has not by this time drowned his wits; but besides him, upon my life, I know nobody you'll have to speak to. Mr. Wilson, the parson, is a very good creature, I believe, but not having been taught the Cumberland dialect in my youth, I was never much edified by his company. Then there's little Ery—by-the-by, she is big Ery now—Miss Evelyn Sefton, my wife's niece; and if it was not simply impossible to foresee to what a child may grow up, I should say you would find here the pleasantest face you ever set eyes on. Yes, I have very little doubt that Ery's beautiful, but I'll lay my life that Ery's good. A marvellous child, sir, that was; wise far beyond her years; exquisite and graceful in all her ways; and with a tenderness of heart that would do honor to an angel. Ah! if Providence had given me such a daughter, Mr. Blake, she would have made this howling wilderness here a smiling garden; she would have taken Woody himself in hand, and moulded him into some resemblance of the Human; she would have given an object in life to me—yes, I know I've got one already, but I don't mean that sort of object. I'd have worked my fingers off for such a child as that; and every ten-pound note which I could have saved for her, would have given me greater pleasure than I now feel in spending them—and I am very fond of spending money, Mr. Blake."

"Miss Evelyn must indeed have been a wonder, as a child," observed the other drily.

"How is it, being a woman, that she has not met with a husband?"

"Well, thereby hangs a curious story," returned the painter. "I see you are getting a little tired of my enthusiasm, but the fact is, not only did this girl endeavor herself to me (as she did to everybody who knew her, and was able to appreciate her worth), but I had the misfortune to do her an involuntary wrong, which still more softens me towards her. Ernest Woodford had a nephew, Charles, a fine, bold, open-hearted lad, who naturally felt impatient of the restraints of such a home as that at Sandalithwaite; and when his uncle asked my opinion of what should be done with him, my recommendation was to let him see the world. I did not mean exile, with half the globe placed between the poor young fellow and his friends; but his uncle, wishing to get rid of him, since the boy's nature shamed his own by contrast, as I fancy, affected to take me at my word, and so Charles was sent abroad—and died there; he was drowned in Rio harbor."

Claude Murphy's rich voice grew quite hoarse; and it took some time, and a deep draught of whiskey and water, to reanimate it in its proper key.

"Well, you may smile," continued he, "but I believe, child as she was, that Ery was in love with him; not the sort of love, you know, of course, although he used to call her 'his little wife.' At all events, when the news came of his death, you might have thought the child had been really left a widow. I have been told it was the saddest thing to see the change wrought in that young creature. There was but little passionate grief, such as one would have expected, but a shadow fell on her young life which has darkened it ever since. Perhaps I am wrong in this opinion; perhaps the young woman would have married long ago, had she had any suitable offer, which it is likely enough, has been wanting at Sandalithwaite; but my belief is what I have stated. When you become her cousin's tutor, you will have an opportunity of judging Ery Sefton for yourself."

"Yes," returned Valentine Blake, thoughtfully, "and whatever I find her, I shall, at all events, remember that she once inspired Claude Murphy with genuine affection and respect."

"A man that knows men and women well, sir," observed the painter, pulling up his shirt-collar.

"A man that has a sound heart, sir, which is better," returned the bearded friend, reaching his hand across the table to grasp Claude's.

"Well, upon my life, I don't know, Blake," answered his host, shaking his head doubtfully, while gripping the proffered fingers with great cordiality. "Most times, I think I am a most awful scamp; but sometimes I do entertain the hope that there may be some good bottom under the mud."

CHAPTER XXIV.

UP THE SCALES.

"The road seems to wind here a good deal, my man," observed Valentine Blake, to the driver of the vehicle that was conveying him from the railway station to out-of-the-way Sandalithwaite. "Is there no short-cut over the hills?"

"Short-cut? Yes, there be straight over Blackbarrow yonder; but thou'lt not find it a easier road, I warn."

"Well, I'll try," returned the other, leaping out of the vehicle just as though it had been standing still, before the man could stop his horses. "If I get to the top of the hill, I suppose I shall catch sight of the house?"

"Ay, if thou get there, thou wilt. But thou must look out for the peat-moss; and there's a kind of scree to climb, where thou'll rive thy cleighs, I warn. And the top of the Fell ain't allus where it looks to be, thou'lt find."

"A very true observation, my man, which applies to other things than hills," replied Blake, smiling, "but I am used to rough travel, and to find my way in a strange country with less of direction than you have given me; so I will take my chance. Your horses will much prefer my room to my company. I am sure; and don't hurry the poor beasts—for if they take my luggage to Dewbank Hall at a foot's pace, it will get there in time enough."

"A merciful man is merciful to his beast," says the Scripture; but mercy to hired horses argues a much higher degree of benevolence; at all events, it evidenced as much to the honest Cumberland driver, who jogged on, well pleased enough with his lighted load, and muttered to himself: "A good lad, a good lad; but a fule to that walks when he can ride."

Unconscious of this depreciating remark, Valentine Blake sprang up the hillside until the carriage had turned a bend of the road and was hidden from view; then he sat down, bareheaded, and surveyed the way by which he had come with penitence eyes. He had seen many grander sights than winding Ribblesdale—with its broad, bright stream, filling up half the narrow valley, and its gray rocks no flowing in the April sunshine—but none more fair. There was not a house within view, nor even a shepherd's hut; nothing witnessed of man's hand save the long white straggling line which was the road, and the circle of great stones by the river's brink, which marked where the sheep-washing took place in its season; yet the peaceful spot looked very livable and home-like, and especially to the eyes of this wanderer in many lands; but he drew out his watch, and found that he must needs push on if he would reach Dewbank Hall at the time at which Mr. Woodford had written to say he should expect to see him at dinner. Valentine Blake therefore arose, though not without a sigh, and, with his long, firm strides, soon gained the ridge of upland, where the mountain breeze began to fan his forehead, and the weight of thought that sat there to dissolve beneath its influence, like snow in sunlight. There is nothing like the mountain air for drowning care—mountain dew cannot compare with it for a moment; and then the sights upon that highest of highways are enough to warm the heart of an intending suicide, and make it in love with life. But presently began quite another sort of natural beauties—the Scree, of which our way-farer had been warned. These were simply a loose mass of shingle, sloping down very abruptly to a mountain tarn, but the colors of which varied with the rainbow. Valentine could see them shining far before him, more like some allegorical obstacle in the *Pilgrim's Progress*, than the reality of rocks and stones which they appeared as he drew nearer, with a slender path at the bottom, which followed every pit and cove of the black lake below.

"A nice place for a surprise," thought the ex-soldier, as he set foot upon this narrow track, and cast his eyes upon the almost precipitous cliff upon his right, the enchanted coloring of which had almost entirely disappeared, leaving a bluish yellow *detritus* of shingle, with here and there a knob of rock projecting like a cannon from a port-hole.

"The folks at the top would only have to loosen a few round boulders, and Giuseppe himself would hesitate to force his way."

Secretly had Valentine given utterance to this reflection, when, as though the remark had provoked it, a huge round rock immediately above his projected line of march began to move in its shallow bed; he could scarcely believe his eyes as he saw it tremble, and away, and then rotating first slowly, then swifter and swifter, began to leap with enormous bounds until it almost reached the bottom, when, with one gigantic spring, it rose into the air only to plunge with a sudden splash in the affrighted tarn. The noise, repeated as it was by a prolonged echo, was deafening; and the dust from the shingle, which it shattered into a thousand pieces, wherever it touched, rising, smoke-like from the points of contact, produced all the appearance of a cannon shot, next to it succeeded a rapid setting of the shingle, exactly like the rattle of small arms.

"I did not know there were such things as avalanches in this country," muttered the astonished Blake, coming to an involuntary pause. But before he could make up his mind either to advance or retreat, another and larger rock, as though emulating the morbid example of its fellow, sought refuge in the still depths of the tarn. The descent took place so much nearer to Valentine than the first, that he watched, not without apprehension, its deer-like bounds, as it set this and that huge stone, almost as large as itself, in motion, and well might have brought down the hillside with it. As Valentine looked up in wonder, as upon the substance of the dust would permit him, to the place whence this second portent had proceeded, he thought he caught sight of a human head; it was withdrawn from his view immediately, but the impression was so strong on his mind that he had seen it, that he cried out: "Take care, there's a man below." Then, to his exceeding astonishment, a figure appeared on the edge of the cliff, resembling like some malignant specter in its morbid legend, and concluding his pantomime performances with a scream of exultant mirth. Valentine Blake's lips were what is called Cupidism; and it was a bad sign with him, and a worse for his enemy, when they grew straight and shut close together, as they did now.

"Look out!" cried a hoarse voice, apparently half-suffocated with laughter, and then a vast rock, directly overhanging the spot where Valentine stood, began to move; not easily, however, for it was more deeply embolished than the other, and required a good deal of leverage to set it in motion; it was owing to this fortunate circumstance that he was able to place a considerable distance between himself and its line of descent before it began to move; but even as it was, he incurred great risk, for the formidable monster happened to strike in its headlong course upon one of the projecting points of rock, whereupon it instantly became a shell,

pulverizing into a hundred fragments, which scattered themselves far and wide. When the individual, a handsome but coarse young man of about twenty years of age, who was thus amusing himself, next peered down, with twinkling mischievous eyes, to see what had become of the unhappy wayfarer, the path was vacant. For one instant, his sun-burned cheeks took a leaden hue, smitten with the thought that his practical joke had been carried considerably too far; but the next, he leaped up into the air, and executed a flourish with the cudgel which he had been using as a lever.

"Why, this fool of a fellow," cried he, "is absolutely coming up the Scree!"

It certainly looked a foolhardy task enough which Blake had undertaken, but he had chosen the very track which the last boulder had taken, at the top of which there was no other rock to be set a rolling, so that he had, at all events, got the difficulties of the hill itself to face. These were indeed no slight ones, for as every step was placed on yielding ground, which not only gave way but carried him with it, the shingle loosened from above perpetually poured down upon him. When, in spite of these obstacles, however, it became evident, that if his termination did not fall him, the stranger's determination would bring him to the top, the individual in possession of the heights began to bestir himself. He loosened the smaller rocks which lay in his neighborhood, and aimed them with great particularity, although without effect, at the coming foe, and arming himself with formidable stones, he kept up an incessant fire, which the attacking force received or escaped according to circumstances, but in the face of which it never swayed or hesitated.

"Who the devil can it be?" murmured the young fellow a little uneasily, notwithstanding his almost Herculean proportions and the possession of his cudgel. "I don't know a man in the country that could come up Blackness Scree,—I say," roared he as the other drew ominously near, and he was able to scan that bearded face for the first time, with its eyes gleaming cold and venom, and its lips that had never spoken save once, knit together with a purpose that boded him no good—"I say, if you'll be civil, I will not throw any more stones."

It was a little late for a garrison to propose conditions with the enemy, so close to the gates; and so it occurred perhaps to the young man himself, for upon receiving no reply to his proposition, he began to move away at a sharp run, although by no means at full speed, and looking behind him with every other step, like one who thinks it prudent to retreat, but at the same time has no apprehension of being overtaken. Nor was the youth's confidence in his legs misplaced, for he was one of the best runners in Cumberland. He watched the stranger arrive at the summit of the Scree, and sit down to rest; he saw him take out his handkerchief, and stanch in leisurely fashion the blood that flowed from a place in his forehead, where one of the small sharp stones had struck it; no idea of vengeance for the present seemed to be entertained. But the next time he turned round, which was after a longer interval, he beheld, to his surprise, the tall man in hot pursuit, and not only running at great speed, but in a manner which, to his practised eye, suggested eminence.

"That long gallop which can tire the hound's deep hate and hunter's fire, is not the most graceful form of motion in any animal, and can be recognized at some distance; and the young rock-compeller was perfectly well aware that he had his work cut out for him; at the same time, he had the very great advantage of knowing his ground, whereas his partner was certainly a stranger to the district, or he would have never tried the Scree, and most probably a foreigner."

"You have good legs," quoth the young fellow viciously, setting his large white teeth together, like a wild beast at bay, "but I will see how they like the peat-moss."

This was a vast stretch of boggy land, not dangerous, indeed, but only traversable at speed along a certain zigzag track, in no way marked except from its being a shade less dark than the rest of the peaty ground. To set foot to the right or left of this, was to sink many inches into the pitch-like ooze, which was to all appearance solid earth, and bore upon its treacherous surface the faintest and most delicate spring-flowers of the Fell. Without slackening for an instant, his now headlong speed, the young man traversed this narrow and tortuous track, and not until he found himself upon the firm ground on the other side of the bog, did he turn his head to see what had become of his pursuer. Then, with something akin to terror, he perceived that not only was the latter following every turn and winding of the path with bloodhound-like accuracy, but that, notwithstanding his own exertions, he was actually gaining ground upon him. The whole breadth of Blackbarrow, which was narrow in that part, had now been well high crossed at the edge of it, beneath which lay, although by no means immediately, the vale and lake of Sandalithwaite. There were two ways by which to descend right and left, both meeting five hundred feet or so lower down, in the same blind valley where Claude Murphy had crossed and won the fair Selma, the former of which was the lower that the less precipitous; and this, with the recollection of his pursuer's agility upon the Scree fresh in his mind, the young man, without a moment's hesitation, chose. Tall and muscular, his own weight added the rapidity of his descent, so that it was a space of time that could only be reckoned by seconds, he reached what was comparatively level ground; yet he! at the junction of the other path, there was the bearded man awaiting him, with sparkling eyes and heaving chest indeed, but far less out of breath, as it seemed to him, than out of temper. Wide-eyed and panting, the young Hercules found himself in an instant disarmed of his cudgel, taken by the throat, and shaken like a fraction child. "I shall wait till you have got your breath, sir," said his captor sternly, "and then I shall give you a thrashing!"

And with that he loosed his arms, and quickly regarded the youth, very much as his friend Claude might have looked at one of his own works of art, to which he was about to put a few finishing touches. But while he did so, a curious change came over Valentine Blake's features; his brows, still knit, grew

thoughtful rather than menacing; his eyes, which had contracted and acquired that steel-like hue which they wore only in moments of passion, opened to their fullest stretch, till astonishment at last entirely usurped the place of anger.

"What is your name—you young scoundrel?" asked he; but the latter part of the sentence seemed to arise rather from a sense of duty, than from the embers of irritation. "Tell me who you are, and you may save your skin."

"What's that to you?" answered the young fellow gruffly.

"The voice as like as the face," murmured Valentine to himself; "and the disposition, as it would seem, inherited too—What! you would, would you?"

"Ay, I would," replied the other grimly, who had suddenly taken advantage of his own recovered breath, and of his antagonist's pre-occupation, to throw himself upon Valentine from behind, pinioning his arms close to his side. "I'll give you a Cumberland 'felling,' and when you're down, I'll squeeze your throat a bit."

There was every probability of this threat being carried into effect, for, although the latter-strung muscles of the elder man might have availed him in a protracted struggle, he knew that advantage to be useless to him in his present plight; and once down, from what he had experienced of the malignity of his foe, he did not doubt but that some serious injury would be inflicted on him. Had it been level ground, the powerful youth would easily have dragged him backwards, but the sloping turf enabled him to offer a stout resistance; this compelled his antagonist to put forth all his strength, and no sooner did he feel him do so, than Valentine instantly changed his tactics, and threw himself backwards with all his force. This stratagem succeeded even beyond his hopes; his enemy's feet slipped from under him, and he came to the ground with a terrible thud, with Valentine upon him. The weight of the former, added to the violence of the shock, beat the breath out of the young rascal's lungs, so that the other scarcely needed the wrench with which he twisted himself out of his arms to regain his freedom. "Treacherous scoundrel!" cried he leaping to his feet. "Get up, get up, I say, or it will be the worse for you."

Slowly and sulkily the young giant gathered himself together, and did as he was bid.

"Look me in the face, and listen," said Valentine sternly.

It was not a pleasant face for a scoundrel to look at, knowing that it was that of his master, and the voice was one which might have compelled the attention of a ticket-of-leave man; a face full of judgment without mercy, a voice like the tones of Doom. "Do you see this mark upon my forehead?" a wound inflicted on an unoffending stranger, when it was your duty to assist and guide. To amuse your idle time, you chose to put his life in peril, you yourself being, as you thought, in a place of safety. You are a cruel and cowardly man. I put to you a civil question—which I shall presently put to you again, for I mean to be answered—and your reply was treacherous and unprovoked assault. Take this, therefore, to teach you better manners."

In an instant, like a bolt from the cloud, the clenched hand of Valentine Blake struck the young man with frightful force, as he stood sulkily submissive before him, and knocked him backwards. There he lay, on the green-sward, without sense or motion, till Valentine, stepping down to the beck-side, dipped his handkerchief in the cool stream, and applied it to the temples of the fallen man. "Will you tell me your name, you scoundrel?" said he gravely, as the other slowly opened his eyes. "If not, get up, and then I will knock you down again. The pole-axe is the only instrument with brutes like you."

"What do you want my name for?" growled the other querulously, but obviously cowed.

"Rascals are thrown away upon brutes. I want it; that is enough. Once more, then, what is your name, and where do you live?"

"My name is Bentinck Woodford, and I live at Dewbank Hall," returned the other reluctantly.

"If you had told me that earlier, you would have spared yourself two black eyes," observed the victor calmly. "My name is Valentine Blake, and your father has sent for me to be your tutor."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

The Roman Saturnalia.

There is, no doubt, a close connection between Christmas and the ancient Roman Saturnalia. Towards the end of December all the Roman towns were in an unusual motion, and the children everywhere invoking Saturn; nothing was to be seen but tables spread out for feasting, and nothing heard but shouts of merriment; all business was dismissed, and none at work but cooks and confectioners; no account of expenses was to be kept, and it appears that one-tenth part of a man's income was to be appropriated to this polity. All exertion of mind and body was forbidden, except for the purpose of recreation; nothing to be read or recited which did not provoke mirth adapted to the season and the place. No one was allowed to be angry, and he who was played on, if he loved his own comfort, would be the first to laugh. Glasses of all sizes were to be ready, and all were to drink when and what they chose. None but the most skillful muleteers and tumblers were allowed to perform, for those people are worth nothing unless exquisite, as the Saturnalian laws required. Such was the Roman Saturnalia, the favorite popular recreation of Paganism.

THE GASTRIC JUICE.—Dr. Pay holds that the alkaline blood permeating the coats of the stomach continually neutralizes the acid juice, and so prevents any injurious action. In cases where death has happened soon after a meal, the stomach has been found digested; the blood had ceased to flow. In like manner, any small animal, not containing sufficient blood to neutralize the acid, is digested soon after its introduction. All statements respecting the existence of hands, and other animals of that class, in the stomach, must be regarded as fictions.

"I'll give that girl a piece of my mind," exclaimed a young fellow. "I would not," replied his uncle, "you've none to spare."

AN ORIGINAL POEM BY HALLUCK.

A Farewell to Connecticut.

I turned a last look to my dear native mountain,
As the dim flush of sunset grew pale in the sky;
All was still, save the music that leapt from the fountain,
And the wave of the woods to the summer-wind's sigh.

Far around, the gray mist of the twilight was stealing,
And the tints of the landscape had faded in blue,
Ere my pale lips could murmur the accents of feeling,
As it bade the fond scenes of my childhood adieu.

Oh! mock not that pang, for my heart was retracing
Past visions of happiness, sparkling and clear;
My heart was still warm with a mother's embracing,
My cheek was still wet with a fond sister's tear.

Like an infant's first sleep on the lap of its mother,
Were the days of my childhood—those days are no more;
And my sorrow's deep throb I had struggled to smother,
Was that infant's wild cry when its first sleep was o'er.

Years have gone by, and remembrance now covers,
With the tinge of the moonbeam, the thoughts of that hour!
Yet still in his day-dream the wanderer hovers
'Round the cottage he left, and its green woven bower.

And Hope lingers near him, her wildest song breathing,
And points to a future day, distant and dim,
When the finger of sunset, its eglantine weaving,
Shall brighten the home of his childhood for him.

—Putnam's Magazine.

Tests of Character.

A great many admirable acts are overlooked by us, because they are so little and common. Take, for instance, the mother, who has had broken shulder, if any at all, with the nursing babe whose wants must not be disregarded; she would fain sleep awhile when the breakfast hour comes, but patiently and uncomplainingly she takes her timely seat at the table. Though exhausted and weary, she serves all with a refreshing cup of coffee or tea before she sips it herself, and often the cup is handed back to her to be refilled before she has had time to taste her own. Do you hear her complain—this weary mother—that her breakfast is cold before she has time to eat it? And this not for one, but for every morning, perhaps, in the year. Do you call this a small thing? Try it, and see. O! how does woman shame us by her forbearance and fortitude in what are called little things! Ah, it is these little things which are tests of character; it is by these "little" self-denials, borne with such self-forgotten gentleness, that the humblest home is made beautiful to the eyes of angels, though we fail to see it, alas! until the chair is vacant and the hand which kept in motion all this domestic machinery is powerless and cold!—*Colman's Rural World.*

The English "Specials." Proclamation;

Or, Two Wrongs Make One Right.

Under the above head the *London Punch* gives the following. It says:—"The proclamation below speaks for itself: it is composed of two Fenian proclamations; Manchester and Clerkenwell; and is, in *Punch's* opinion, a glorious instance of two wrongs making one right:—

| | |
|--|--|
| Hurrah for Old England | We are a curse |
| Fenianism is a curse | We want the Queen and Constable |
| We want the Queen and Constable | The Fenian Brotherhood is a curse with Satan |
| The Fenian Brotherhood is a curse with Satan | We have Free Speech |
| We have Free Speech | This Rebellion is treason |
| This Rebellion is treason | We glory in a Free Press |
| We glory in a Free Press | Shooting and plunder Will not be tolerated |
| Shooting and plunder Will not be tolerated | We will not fight for The "Coke's" Jerusalem |
| We will not fight for The "Coke's" Jerusalem | England's welfare must be secured |
| England's welfare must be secured | We must succeed at every hazard |
| We must succeed at every hazard | The Union We love |
| The Union We love | We love not Such wreck and waste |
| We love not Such wreck and waste | And never said Let the Union sink |
| And never said Let the Union sink | We want The Union |
| We want The Union | Foreign intervention cannot be allowed |
| Foreign intervention cannot be allowed | We cherish The British Flag |
| We cherish The British Flag | The Emerald green Is a flaunting lie |
| The Emerald green Is a flaunting lie | We venerate The powers that be |
| We venerate The powers that be | Fenian Chivalry Is a hateful mockery |
| Fenian Chivalry Is a hateful mockery | Down with No Law |
| Down with No Law | Law and Order Shall Triumph |
| Law and Order Shall Triumph | Vivat Regina! |

Upon one occasion, a number of big North Georgia mountain men had come in to a political meeting to hear A. H. Stephens speak. One huge, broad-shouldered giant, whose ideas of greatness were its identity with size, stood, mouth agape, waiting to see the famous leader. When he appeared, the astonishment of the mountain bear was intense. "That Alect Stephens! By jingo, if he was just greased behind the ears, I could swallow him whole!" The orator overheard the remark. "No doubt you could, my friend," said he, "and if you did, you would have more brains in your stomach than you ever had in your head." The remark was eminently successful, and was enjoyed as heartily by the victim of it as by the rest.

A meeting took place many years ago in a bookstore in this city between the late President Goodwin, of Trinity College, and the late Charles Sigourney, husband of Mrs. L. H. Sigourney. Both gentlemen were very precise in their manners of dress and habits of speech. Mr. Sigourney was engaged in conversation with a lady, known to both himself and Mr. Goodwin. As the latter entered the store he said: "Fine weather, Mr. Sigourney?" No reply. "Fine weather, fine weather, Mr. Sigourney!" Still no response. "Fine weather, I say," persisted the venerable President. "Yes, sir," hastily rejoined Mr. Sigourney. "I heard you the first time, but I never allow myself to reply to anything that has no relevancy—no relevancy, sir—never!"

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WIT AND HUMOR.

Mr. Billings on the Crow.

Next to the monkey, the crow has the most deviltry to spare. They are born very wild, but can be tamed as easy as the goat can, but a tame crow is actually worse than a sore thumb.

If there is any thing about the house that they can't get into it is because the thing isn't big enough. I had rather watch a district school than one tame crow. Crows live on what they can steal, and they will steal any thing that isn't tied down.

They are fond of meat vittles, and are the first to hold an inquest over a departed horse, or a still sheep. They are a fine bird to hunt, but a hard one to kill; they can see you 2 miles off, and will smell a gun right through the side of a mountain.

They are not songsters, although they have a good voice to cultivate, but what they do sing they seem to understand thoroughly, long practices have made them perfect.

The crow is a tuff bird, and can stand the heat like a blacksmith, and the cold like a stonewall.

They build their nest among a tree, and lay twice, and both eggs would hatch out if they were laid in a snow bank. There isn't no such thing as stopping a young crow.

Crows are very lengthy, I believe they live always, I never know one to die a natural death, and don't believe they know how.

They are always thin in flesh, and are like an injun rubber shew, poor inside and out.

They are not considered fine eating, altho, I have read somewhere of a biled crow, but still I never heard of the same man hankering for some biled crow more than woad.

This crows on the crow is copied from nature, and if it is true I ain't too blame for it, natur made the crow, I didn't, if I had I would have made her more homester and just tuff enuff to make soup of.

An Awful Muddle.

A young gentleman by the name of Conkey having united in the holy bands of wedlock, sent the marriage notice, with a couplet of his own composition, to a local paper, for publication, as follows:

"Married—On August 1st, A Conkey, Esq., Attorney at Law, to Miss Euphemia Wiggins.

"Love is the union of two hearts that beat in softest melody, Time with its ravages imparts no bitter fusion to its ecstasy."

Mr. Conkey looked with much anxiety for the issue of the paper, that he might see his name in print. The type into whose charge the notice was placed happened to be on a spree at the time, and made some wonderful blunders in setting it up, thus:

"Married—On August 1st, A Donkey, Esq., Eternally at Law, to Miss Euphemia Wiggins.

"Love is an onion with two heads that beat in softest melody, Time with its cabbage imparts no better food to an extra dray."

Waiting for a Lord.

Rather an amusing story is going about of a "green" man, who came down from Castle In the other day to Straburn on some business, and who, in returning again to the station, found he was almost in time to be too late. He hurried to the gate at full speed, but it was to hear the fatal signal given, and to see the train passing quickly off, at increasing speed. With a face full of excitement, and with as much authority as he was capable of commanding, he shouted to the guard at the top of his voice, "Stop, for Lord Lyford is coming!" It acted like magic. The obsequious guard instantly signalled the speed soon slackened, the train stopped, moved back, and took its place at the platform, to wait his lordship's arrival. Meanwhile the very anxious herald secured his ticket, and, with great composure, took his seat in a third-class carriage. Then, putting his head out of the window, he informed the obliging guard that his lordship had entered, and that he might move on.—*London paper.*

Didn't Serve.

A certain Mobile deputy is decidedly unsophisticated. The other day he was out looking up a jury, and came across a gentleman who is noted for his love of joking. Stopping him on the street, he drew out his list and said:—"Mr. —, I want you to be at the court-room to-morrow to serve on a special jury." Our friend, who has a decided disinclination to officiate in that capacity, drew himself up stiffly, and in the most dignified manner said:—"Are you aware, sir, that I am a Son of Malta?" The deputy replied:—"That's all right, sir," and scratched our friend's name off the list, and passed on, greatly to his relief and amusement.

REGGED TO BE EXCUSED.—A new song, entitled "Kiss Me," is being published in Louisville. A sweet and blushing maid having heard of it, proceeded to a music store, and said to a modest clerk:—"I want 'Rock me to Sleep.'" The piece of music was laid before her. "Now," said she, "I want the 'Wandering Refugee,'" and it was produced; "and," she continued, "now, 'Kiss Me.'" The young man blushed, stammered, and begged to be excused. [This last we doubt.]

A FASHIONABLE BONNET.—The Maine Farmer recommends country ladies to take a medium sized pumpkin seed, carefully cut out the meat on the under side, put a narrow strip of fur around the edge, and fasten the strings to the sides, and they will have a bonnet in the pink of the fashion. The broad end of the bonnet should be worn in front to keep off the sun and wind.

"The first day a little boy went to school the teacher asked him if he could spell. 'Yes, sir.' 'Well, how do you spell boy?' 'Oh, just as other folks do.'"

"Absence makes the heart grow fonder"—of some one else.



CONSIDER OUR FEELINGS.

SWELL TAILOR (to new customer, not from the West End).—"You'll excuse my asking, sir—but—a—you don't mean to wear our clothes with that hat?"

THE LAND BEYOND THE SEA.

The land beyond the Sea!
When will life's task be o'er?
When shall we reach that soft blue shore
O'er the dark strait, whose billows foam and roar?
When shall we come to thee,
Calm land beyond the Sea?

The land beyond the Sea!
How close it often seems,
When flushed with evening's peaceful gleams,
And the wistful heart looks o'er the strait
and dreams!
It longs to fly to thee,
Calm land beyond the Sea!

The land beyond the Sea!
Sometimes distinct and near,
It grows upon the eye and ear,
And the gulf narrows to a threadlike mere;
We seem half way to thee,
Calm land beyond the Sea!

The land beyond the Sea!
Sometimes across the strait,
Like a drawbridge to a castle gate,
The slanting sunbeams lie, and seem to wait
For us to pass to thee,
Calm land beyond the Sea!

The land beyond the Sea!
O, how the longing years
Mid our not unambitious tears
Have borne, now singly, now in fleets, the years
Of those we love, to thee,
Calm land beyond the Sea!

The land beyond the Sea!
How dark our present home!
By the dull beach and sulken foam
How wearily, how drearily we roam,
With arms outstretched to thee,
Calm land beyond the Sea!

The land beyond the Sea!
When will our toil be done?
Slow footed years! more swiftly run
Into the gold of that meeting sun!
Homelick we are far from thee,
Calm land beyond the Sea!

The land beyond the Sea!
Why farest thou in flight?
Why art thou better seen toward night?
Dear land! look always plain, look always bright,
That we may gaze on thee,
Calm land beyond the Sea!

The land beyond the Sea!
Sweet is thine endless rest,
But sweeter far that Father's breast
Upon thy shore eternally posset;
For Jesus reigns o'er thee,
Calm land beyond the Sea!

A Singular Adjutant.

During the battle of Waterloo, a young man on horseback stationed himself near the tent of the Duke of Wellington, attentively watching the battle. Wellington turned round upon him suddenly, with the air of a man who was looking for somebody, and on seeing a civilian quietly standing and looking on, he asked him rather abruptly:—"Where are you? What are you doing here?"

"My name is Jones," replied the man. "I am travelling agent for the large hardware house of Smith & Jenkins, London. When I learned at Brussels that a battle was imminent, I rode hither to see it, but I am afraid I shall have to lose and pay for my horse; the enemy's balls are in most unpleasant proximity."

"Will you render England a service by taking an order to a certain point I shall indicate?" "Why not? It is a matter of indifference to me, where I go. But will your officers to whom I am to take that order, believe me?" "There—take my ring and tell the general what I am going to tell you now." The agent took the order, galloped off into the thickest of the battle, and the execution of certain movements of his army gave the Duke the assurance that his order had been delivered. The travelling agent, however, was nowhere to be found, and Wellington supposed him to have fallen.

Many years after this singular incident, a Mr. Jones was announced to the Duke, then at London, desiring to see him. Wellington instantly recognized his quondam adjutant, and questioned him as to the particulars of his previous undertaking. Jones told him, that, after having delivered the order, he had been tossed about for several hours, and lost his horse by a cannon ball; that, however, he had not taken any part in the

battle, since it did not concern him. The Duke smiled and asked how he could express his gratitude for the service rendered. Jones, by that time made a partner of the house, recommended the same for Government contract, and Smith, Jenkins, and Jones have ever since furnished the coal shovels for army and navy use.

Concerning Sermons.

There is a deal of pulpit preparation and pulpit performance, "word upon word, line upon line," page upon page; and yet, measuring the great mass of preaching, there is scarcely anything the people buy and pay for that is not *offences*. How few persons of the congregation can remember even the text of sermons. "O, we had such a beautiful sermon this morning—it was *spen* did." "Ah! glad to hear it; what was the subject?" "We'll, why, the subject? Well, we'll, now I declare, let me see—the subject? What's this the text was?—now, really, what unless me so forgetful? I am sure I thought I could remember that—but it has slipped my mind."

And that's the way it goes. Sermons are generally so only they *slip* the people's minds. Why not rough them a little—make them rapish—so that somebody will be rubbed against the grain, stirred up, tendered, so impressed that at least the text and theme and leading thoughts and points may be remembered.

"A young man, about jumping from a train while in motion, was deterred by a reporter, who asked for his name, age, business and residence for an obituary item."

"The remark of a passenger on viewing the revolving light, 'Gosh! the wind blows that light out as fast as the man can light it'" was received with cheers.

"Gatherer says, 'It is only necessary to grow old to become more indulgent. I see no fault committed that I have not committed myself.'"

AGRICULTURAL.

Greasing Wagons.

But few people are aware that they do wagons and carriages more injury by greasing too plentifully than in any other way. A well-made wheel will endure common wear from ten to twenty-five years, if care is taken to use the right kind and proper amount of grease; but if this matter is not attended to, they will be used up in five or six years. Grease should never be used on a wagon, for it will penetrate the hub and work its way out around the spokes of the spokes, and spoil the wheel. Tallow is the best lubricator for wood axletrees, and castor oil for iron.

Just enough grease should be applied to the spindle of a wagon to give it a light coating; this is better than more, for the surplus put on will work out at the ends, and be forced by the shoulder bands and nut washers into the hub around the outside of the boxes.

To oil an axle-tree, first wipe the spindle clean with a cloth wet with spirits of turpentine, and then apply a few drops of castor oil near the shoulder and end. One teaspoonful is sufficient for the whole.—*Ohio Farmer.*

How to Have a Cheap Team.

A horse team is a very expensive team for any one to keep, unless he has constant teaming on the highway, where rapid traveling is an important consideration. But where a team is required for carting loads only a short distance, the most satisfactory animals a man can employ for a heavy and strong team is a yoke of good oxen. If correctly managed, a yoke of oxen will do all the carting of manure, muck, marl, firewood and timber, that any one farmer may desire to haul around his farm, and at the same time the oxen will sell for more money at the expiration of two or three years than they cost at the outset.

We will suppose, for example, that a person wishes to employ a team a part of the time, for three or four days in a week. Then let him procure a yoke of good, thrifty oxen, and commence feeding them meal, in addition to their other feed, with a view of fitting them for leaf. They will do a vast amount of heavy work, and grow fat every day, if they are only driven gently and not worried, excited, and fretted injuriously by hawking and driving drivers. By driving oxen gently they will move along slowly

rately with a plough or harrow eight hours out of twenty-four, or will cart heavy loads as many hours, chewing their cud as they move, and continue to fatten every day until they are fatted for the shambles. This is quite feasible and practicable. On the contrary, if the oxen be slammed around, whipped, pounded and kept in a constant tremor of excitement by a mean driver, who is a terror to them, meal may be thrown into the manure heap with as much satisfaction as to feed it to oxen.

All cattle of the genus *bovis* must have time to chew the cud, or they will not thrive satisfactorily. Excitement of any kind suppresses the cud. When cows are worried or excited in any manner rumination ceases at once, and the animals forbear to chew the cud until they feel entirely quiet. A rough teamster may feed his oxen one dollar's worth of meal per day without making one cent's worth of meat, while a mild driver will perform the same amount of labor, with the same team, and make a dollar's worth of beef per day.—*S. Edwards Todd.*

It is a Mistake.

One who has evidently seen some poor practices, as well as those which are good, not only in the world at large, but especially among farmers, says:

It is a mistake, to attempt to fatten three hogs into 1,200 pounds of pork on just as much feed as would keep two nicely growing.

To estimate agricultural fairs as arrant humbugs, and spend three days every month saving the country at political meetings.

To depend upon borrowing your neighbor's rakes, mowers, and all sorts of implements in haying and harvest time.

To house up a thousand bushels of grain waiting for a rise, till one-tenth has gone to feed rats and mice, and the remainder smells like the essence of rat, and the price is down forty per cent.

To plant out a big orchard of fruit trees with a first thought of money-making, and leave them to do or die.

To keep two fancy five hundred dollar carriage horses, and pay six dollars a day for a team to plough.

To call "book learning" all hosh, to ignore news and agricultural papers, an attempt to keep an even yoke with your progressive neighbors by man strength and stupidity.

REMEDY FOR WARTS ON COWS' TEATS.—Any time that there are warts on a cow's teats, I take hold of the teat with one hand, and, with the thumb and finger of the other, take hold of the wart and give it a twist, and it will come out by the roots without any injury to the cow, and without the loss of much blood. I have been a milker of cows for the last thirty years, and that is the only way that I have taken to remove warts.—*Country Gentleman.*

RECEIPTS.

CORNEB BEEF.—Put the beef into cold water for twenty-four hours, to draw off the blood. Let it drain well before putting it into the brine. Take one gallon of salt to eight gallons of water, one-half a pound of saltpetre, a quart of molasses, a pint of sugar, and one or two pods of red pepper. Boil and skim it, and when perfectly cold, pour it over the beef. If the weather is warm, add one quart of salt to the above. If the pickle sours, pour it off, boil, let it cool, and pour over the meat again. Keep the meat under the brine by weights.

TO PICKLE BEEF'S LIVER.—Wash the livers, and put them into a strong brine, and let them lie three weeks. Then hang and smoke them, as beef is done, until properly dry.

They make a nice relish for breakfast by stewing them for half an hour in water, and dressing them with cream and cut parsley. They must be shaved thin like chip beef, and soaked ten minutes in warm water before stewing.

Another way is to warm it up in a little butter, after it is soaked fresh. MINCED MEAT OR BEEF, BROWNED.—Cut some lean meat from a roast leg of mutton, chop it fine, season it with pepper and salt, chopped parsley, and a little onion; mix altogether with a quarter of a pound of grated bread, moisten with a table-spoonful of vinegar and a cup of good gravy; when put into the dish lay an ounce of butter in small bits on the top, grate bread over it, and add a little more butter; brown before the fire.

BEEF Cakes.—Pound some beef that is under-done with a little fat bacon or ham; season with pepper, salt, and a little shallot or garlic; mix them well, and make into small cakes three inches long, and half as wide and thick; fry them a light brown, and serve them in a good thick gravy.

SALT FISH WITH PARSNIPS.—Salt fish must always be well soaked in plenty of cold water the whole of the night before it is required for the following day's dinner. The salt fish must be put on to boil in plenty of cold water, without any salt, and when thoroughly done, should be well drained free from any water, and placed on a dish with plenty of well-boiled parsnips. Some sauce may be poured over the fish, which is to be made as follows, viz: Mix two ounces of butter with three ounces of flour, pepper, and salt, a small glassful of vinegar, and a good half-pint of water. Stir this on the fire till it boils. A few hard-boiled eggs, chopped up and mixed in this sauce, would render the dish more acceptable.

COCONUT PUDDING.—Pare off the rind and wipe the nut dry; dissolve two ounces of sugar in a small teacup of water. Boil the sugar a few minutes, and add the grated coconut; keep stirring the mixture until it boils. When nearly cold, add the beaten yolks of three eggs, a dessert-spoonful of orange flower-water, a wineglassful of brandy, and a piece of butter the size of an egg. Line the dish with pastry. Pour the mixture in; bake it, and sift sugar over it before serving.

TAPIoca PUDDING.—Put a quart of warm milk over eight table-spoonfuls of tapioca that has been previously washed through several waters. When it is soft, add three table-spoonfuls of melted butter, five well-beaten eggs, sugar, wine, and spice to your taste. Baked in a buttered dish.

THE RIBBLER.

Enigma.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 18 letters.
My 4, 5, 8, 12, 16, 17, 9, is what we should never be.
My 7, 8, 10, 18, 8, 12, is a name.
My 15, 14, 17, 6, 2, 16, 17, 9, is the way ladies over twenty-five years of age wish to appear.
My 13, 1, 11, is a man's name.
My whole is the first line of a popular song.
E. CLARK.

Riddle.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of five letters.
Omit my 1st and I am a kind of passage.
Omit my 2d and I am used in variegated works.
My 4, 3, 1, is what many like occasionally to indulge in.
My 1, 5, 3, is a vegetable.
My 2, 5, 3, 1, is sometimes a dangerous experiment.
My 3, 2, 1, is a mountain.
My 1, 5, 3, 2, is a sound, sometimes an alarm.
My 1, 5, 4, is a small instrument, but one that can wield mighty power.
My whole is considered in astronomy and geometry, and is much used by carpenters.
Baltimore, Md. EMILY.

Mathematical Problem.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A ladder 30 feet long was standing upright against a vertical wall. A man began to ascend the ladder at a uniform velocity, and at the same instant the foot of the ladder began to move from the wall with the same uniform velocity. Required—the *curve* described by the man, its length and area.
ARTEMUS MARTIN.

Franklin, Venango Co., Pa.

☞ An answer is requested.

Conundrums.

☞ When are gloves unsalable? Ans.—When they are kept on hand.
☞ Why are a great many bills in Congress like lobsters? Ans.—Because, when read, (red) they lie on the table.
☞ What is the first thing a boy does when he falls into the water? Ans.—He gets wet.
☞ Why are ladies' eyes like persons separated by distant climes? Ans.—Because they correspond, but never meet.
☞ What part of a cigar is most like a tree? Ans.—The ash-is (ashes).

Answers to Last.

ENIGMA—Mount Carmel.—RIDDLE—January.

Answer to RIDDLE in Saturday Evening Post of January 18th, 1898.—The fish which swallowed Jonah.

Wonderful Mechanism—A Steam Man.

Mr. Laidock Dedrick, a Newark machinist, has invented a man that, moved by steam, will perform some of the most important functions of humanity, standing upright, walking or running, as he is bidden, in any direction, and at almost any rate of speed, drawing after him a load whose weight would tax the strength of three stout draught horses. The man stands seven feet nine inches high, the other dimensions of the body being correctly proportioned, making him a second Daniel Lambert, by which name he is facetiously spoken of among the workmen. He weighs 500 pounds. Steam is generated in the body or trunk, which is nothing but a three-horse power engine, like those used in our steam fire-engines. The legs which support the automaton are complicated and wonderful. The steps are taken very naturally and quite easily. As the body is thrown forward upon the advanced foot the other is lifted from the ground by a spring, and thrown forward. As each step or pace advances the body two feet, and every revolution of the engine is capable of making more than a thousand revolutions a minute, it would get over the ground, on this calculation, at the rate of a little more than a mile a minute. As this would be working the legs faster than would be safe on uneven ground, or on city cobble-stones, it is proposed to run the engine at the rate of five hundred revolutions per minute, which would walk the man at the modest speed of half a mile a minute. The fellow is shafted to a common rockaway carriage, whose shafts serve to support him in a vertical position. These shafts are two parts of iron, which are made fast in the usual manner to the iron axle of the carriage, and are curved so as to be joined to a circular sustaining bar, which passes around the waist, like a girth, and in which the man moves so as to face in any direction. Besides these motions, machinery has been arranged by which the figure can be thrown backward or forward, from a vertical, nearly 45 degrees. This is done to enable it to ascend or descend all grades. To the soles of the feet spikes or corks are fixed which effectually prevent slipping. The whole machine is so firmly sustained by the shafts, and has so excellent a foothold that two men are unable to push it over, or in any way throw it down. An upright post, which is attached in front of the dash-board, and within easy reach of the front seats, sustains two miniature pilot shafts, by turning which these various motions and evolutions are directed. It is expected that sufficient coal can be stowed away under the back seat of the carriage to work the engine a day, and enough water in a tank under the front seat to last half a day. To prevent "the giant" from frightening horses, Mr. Dedrick intends to clothe it, and give it as nearly as possible a likeness to the rest of humanity. The boiler and such parts as are necessarily heated are to be encased in felt or woollen undergarments. The cost of this "first man" is \$2,000, though the makers, Messrs. Dedrick & Grass, expect to manufacture succeeding ones, warranted to run a year without repair, for \$200.